



Measure

1990

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David Paquette

A Poet's Message

A taste of love
A storm of rage
My pen strikes out
Across the page

A word of life
A story told
My memories
And thoughts are sold

For those who read
I share my dreams
In words that flow
like steady streams

The words I write
Can be erased
But in my heart
And mind they're traced

You can destroy
The words you see
But never those
Inside of me

Sheryl Fritz

The Hopeless Poet

How do poets do it?
How do they make things rhyme?
Profs say, "There's nothing to it.
It just takes a little time."

Well, I've tried and tried again
to make my poems "flow,"
but nevertheless, compared to the rest,
mine stick out like a big, sore thumb.

How do poets do it?
How do they make things rhyme?
I'm not sure. But to tell the truth,
writing prose is not a crime.

Sheryl Fritz

OK, I'll Try it with Words

Can't you see how much you mean to me?
Are my eyes that hard to read?
They constantly say that you brighten each day
With that smile so charming indeed.
If you really can't tell, then I'll try it with words.
But you know with them I'm not great.
You're stuck with me and I'm happy to say
That it's not my misfortune, it's fate.

Michael Sheehan

**Soliloquy of a Rakist:
"My Lifeline's Like the Gutters"**

The leaves are like the years, and not
necessarily my friends.

They fall and trap themselves in the drainage
systems of the land, the roads, and now my house.

And I have to ladder my health to clear them
out every fall.

The body doesn't work this way.

There is no eternal presence -- only will, or faith.

My lifeline's like the gutters.

The leaves and slime keep these waters from flowing
as the fat dams keep my blood from its course.

Yes that's the color of bad bloo -- the rich, black life
of decayed leaves, shingle grit, and bird feces.

The doctor told me three, four months....
The work is done -- I think I'll turn in early.

Riley Joyce

Two Roses for Jamie

The neurons in my brain were fighting against me trying to deter every feeling that I set aside for her in the darkest corners of my mind. They have won this battle numerous times in the past only to leave me helpless and, more importantly, indifferent. I admit that I am consciously aware of a single thought that could kill those neurons faster and more efficiently than any alcohol or drugs combined. The thought and the person are one in the same and never the two shall part. I can't think of one without the other. In retrospect, I guess that is what makes everything so damn hard. The single thought is death -- a permanent vacation in an unknown world -- and the single person is my sister Jamie, who died when I was ten.

One Sunday, August 6, 1984, unlike most summer days, was windy and cold. Chris and I got into the car ready to make a journey to my heart from the outside. He handed me two yellow roses. I took one last deep breath, and we were on our way. As we were driving, I couldn't stop thinking about the night before. All those questions he asked -- "Don't you think she's lonely? Do you know if she rests in the shade or the sun?" The painful truth is that I really didn't know, but I should have known. My typical response would be to rattle off a list of rehearsed answers, but last night was different. An explosion of emotions that were suppressed for nine years could no longer be buried in darkness. The neurons died and I felt a flow of new blood rushing to my heart. Much to my dismay, a fountain of tears accompanied these special thoughts. The tears began to impair me, but not long enough to confuse me again. I knew that it was time. I never thought that she would be lonely. I would feel that way if no one in my family came to visit me. Maybe she's angry. I guess I would feel that way too.

I concentrated on the ride that didn't seem long enough, and eventually we reached my destination. We pulled into a long, winding driveway and finally found where she was buried. Her stone read: Daughter. Jamie M. Joyce. 1961-1980.

As I held the roses tightly in my hand, I knelt down and brushed away the leaves that had fallen on her stone. I found myself staring at each letter emblazoned on her marble stone and when I touched the stone, it was cold. Appropriately, I felt tears dancing on my face, warm fresh tears dancing a happy dance, and I felt free from the wrath of callousness and guilt.

I sat on the comfortable ground where she rested peacefully beneath me. Chris was by my side when I looked up at him and said, "Do you think I'm sitting on her?" He smiled and replied, "I don't think she minds."

He has this magical way of making everything O.K.

He turned and walked to a tree near the car and patiently sat beneath it. I was left to make up for nine years. I felt frozen in time, almost like she never left me. This was the closest I've ever felt towards her. I placed the roses gently beside her stone -- one rose from me and the other from Chris. I told her I never once forgot about her. I thought she needed to hear that, but I had this feeling she already knew.

I got up slowly and walked to Chris' arms. When he released me from a strong, supportive hold, I took his hands and looked into his eyes and said, "I told you she was in the sun."

Jason Beres

Frog

Jumped
out of the pool where
nothing was before and
stared ever so slightly
still and swift
jumped
back from whence it came
having shared only a breath
and our presence

Nina Chokshi

"Games People Play"

The games people play now, every day and every night,
Never meaning what they say, never saying what they mean,
Wasting away very precious hours,
Throwing stones at one another,
'Cause they don't do or say things the same way we do.
Oh we lie and cheat and steal to make one another cry.
Breaking a heart then saying goodbye,
We cross our hearts and hope to die,
Saying that the other was the one who defied.
Neither one will ever give in,
So we gaze about and wonder what could have been,
All because of silly games that people play.

R.W.

King

Jaci Barten

Laura: An Imagined Dialogue

Born April 10, 1889 on a small farm in Jasper County, Indiana, Laura Rockwell was from a family of twelve. At an early age she soon realized the meaning of "working together." Various talents such as baking, sewing, crocheting, quilting, and soap making were included in the daily activities of her life. Being "busy" was a way of life.

Always a loving and caring person, Laura lived until the age of eighty two. She spent the last three years of her life living in a nursing home, occasionally recognizing her family. This story is written in remembrance of a special woman I knew, my grandmother.

I live in a small, red-shingled, two-story, house on the outskirts of Rensselaer, Indiana. I am elderly widow and my name is Laura. In spite of my seventy-two years, I possess and maintain the ability to be active in the various daily routines of life. I am very proud to be independent. There are so many people my age who are dependent on their children. To me, that would be the worst possible thing that could happen. I plan on living my life to the fullest.

I have to keep busy. There's so much to do. The old wringer-type washer busily agitates the load of my underclothing. The fresh smell of the naptha laundry soap envelops the house. Little do people know that I grate these bars of soap each laundry day. I take immense pride in my appearance, from the clean, starched, white hankerchief I carry in my packet, to the toes of my oxford shoes.

(She wipes the sweat off her brow and pauses, perhaps as a memory lingers from the past.) When I was a little girl, Mom and I would make lye soap. It took a long time to make the soap, especially on those long, hot, summer days. How long ago that seems. I push the clothing through the wringer and wonder why everything costs so much these days. The old, frayed, rope clothesline awaits my underwear. I don't mind that it is in view of the whole community. Automatic dryers just don't seem practical for me. My shoulder pops and cracks occasionally as I pin the clothespins to the wet clothes but I consider this needed exercise. I haven't been to the doctor in years. I could tell you of countless remedies for all sorts of aches and pains that have been passed down from my grandmother and my mother. Young doctors would only laugh if I were to mention any remedies that seemed to cure an ailment. There is much to be learned about life by the current generation, whether they want to believe it or not.

It's only eight o'clock in the morning and I've finished eating breakfast, washing the laundry, and listening to the local news on WRIN. I have a feeling that I'm going to have visitors today. I don't have anything made to offer anyone if they should surprise me with a visit. I must be getting behind in my baking! I suppose a chocolate cake with caramel icing would be a good choice to make the have on hand. After gathering all of the ingredients for the cake, I hurriedly mix the flour, sugar, eggs, vanilla, and baking powder. A small spoonful of batter is left in the bowl. Who can resist tasting chocolate?

A brisk, gentle breeze moves the kitchen curtains in a dancing fashion. The aroma of the fresh air combines with the lingering smell of the chocolate cake to create an atmosphere of total bliss. A person couldn't ask for much more than this.

I need to hurry and fix the rest of lunch as it will soon be time for my soap operas! Many people think watching daytime television is a waste of time, but I always do my ironing or sit in my rocker and crochet a while catching up on "my stories." I don't really take them seriously, but it's fun to see how those movie stars act. Why, they have more problems than you can shake a stick at!

As I peer out the living room window, I think of how much the grass has grown this past week. I'd better get it mowed before it rains again. I chuckle as I go to the old garage to get the mower. I wonder how many people think I keep an automobile in here? If they only knew that my garage was stacked with various things such as gas cans, hoes, rakes, shovels, saws, wood for the stove, and of course, my antique lawn mower. The kids nowadays would laugh if they had to use a manual lawn mower. My grandchildren think it is the "greatest thing" to push through the yard. I remember when "Pops" was alive. Mowing was his job. Somehow, I'm sure he's looking down at me and smiling. "That's my Laura. She's quite a gal," he'd always say.

After mowing the yard and trimming the weeds, my feeling about having a visitor would materialized as my daughter yelled, "Mom, you shouldn't be outside in this heat! Do you want to have a heat stroke?" I tell her that this is why I have on this big- rimmed straw hat with a farmer's hankerchief tied around my hair. I may not be the prettiest thing in the world, but I am comfortable. (Besides, I'm rather enjoying myself!)

Into the house we go. "You've been at it again, working so hard, haven't you?" she chided. "Why do you keep this pace all of the time? Don't you know you need to save your energy?" queried my daughter. Here we go again. I love all of my children, but they sure don't seem to

understand the inner satisfaction and happiness I receive each day when I'm able to be "me."

After informing me of the current, local gossip, my daughter finally decide to leave. Notice I said finally. A person can only take so much gossip, you know. I wonder if she ever hear

people talking about how ridiculous I look with my big-rimmed hat covering my bandana head? I must look like a strange sight with my dress habits. I've never seen a replica of any of my dresses yet, that's for sure!

I eat my supper in the living room, while reading the Rensselaer Republican. There isn't much news. I look over the obituary column first, since most of my friends are in poor health. Perhaps this isn't the proper way of explaining what I'm looking for, but it is the honest truth. It's my way of keeping up on things.

I decide to work on my quilt. After sewing cloth squares by hand and reinforcing them with my Singer sewing machine, I find that the night is advancing rapidly. I am careful to put all of the pins and needles away as it tis difficult to see with my failing eyesight, and it would be painful if I stepped on one that was mistakenly dropped. The best part of the night is yet to come.

It's finally ten thirty! Don't tell anyone, but watching wrestling on television is the highlight of my day! I pull the blinds down on the windows. People probably think this is normal for an old lady...I'd love to see the lood on their faces if they knew I was sitting here with a big bowl of popcorn and yelling for one guy to punch the other out! This is great. This is what I call excitement. My daughter would say I was plum crazy. She doesn't know what real life is.

If I had one wish, I think it would be to have each person somehow do without all of the "extras" they have for one day or maybe for one wek. To have people realize what they actually do have in life would be interesting, maybe devastating. Personally, I think it would be fun. But then, would I give up my nightly wrestling? Of course not.

Maureen Gemperle

Illusions

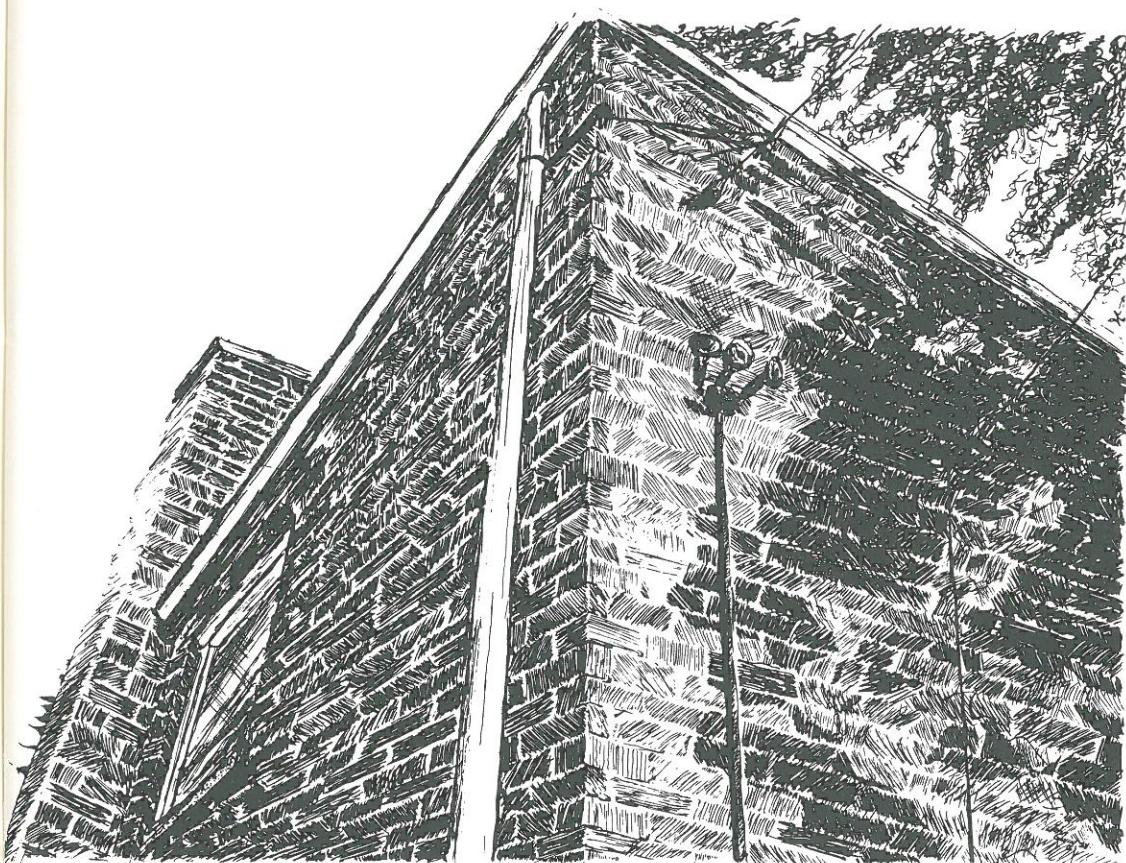
False illusions,
The clouds form.
First you see
Shapes of hearts,
But then they
Break and float
Away.

Maureen Gemperle

Literacy

Why write,
When you can talk?
Why read,
When you can listen?

What will you do,
When you're all alone?
Who will you talk with;
Who will you listen to?



Erin Malone

The Boy and the Girl

Cars speed by,
the boy in the black coat
and the black boots,
and he smiles to himself:
"I am young and I am free.
My life is not run in any hour
minute
or second...,"
and he sways and kicks his heels
to the song in his head.
So happy, so carefree,
run her thoughts, as she watches from her window.
"I love you darling!"
and with that lets fall the rose into his path.
In a motion it lies on his lapel;
he blows her a kiss and gives his name.

"Come out," he bids her.
"We'll dance this day away!"
Moments
they are together,
her untamed red hair
about her shoulders,
and people turn and smile and say,
"What a charming couple!"
and people turn and say,
"Why aren't they out working?"
but the boy and the girl
laugh and twirl
on the sidewalk
bumping into passers-by
and fruit stands
and runny-nosed school children
on bicycles.
They wave to friends
in coffee shops
and bookstores,
on street corners

and park benches.

Rains come
and people under newspapers
run for shelter,
but the boy and the girl
laugh harder and dance faster
splashing in puddles
forming in potholes in the street,
turning, turning,
her face raised to the skies,
giggling at raindrops hitting her eyes.
The girl whirls far from the boy
and he smiles.
She stops, she turns
and runs to him,
tears in those wide green eyes
and with a gentle kiss
and a tight embrace,
with the fall of night
she is gone,
and, humming the song in his head,
he walks on
under the street lamps,
the crumpled rose
in a clenched fist.

Courtney Meyers

Flickering Hope

(St. Joseph's College Chapel -- November 17, 1989)

As the door creaked open,
I walked into darkness
Seeing but one lit candle
Shimmering with hope.
I walked forward,
Looking at the moon enlightened windows
Outlining the figures of saints.
I was troubled,
Looking for refuge,
Somewhere to pour out my heart.
The tears began to flow easily
With the security I felt here.
I knelt and gripped the pew firmly
Questioning, "Why her? She's been through enough?"
No answers;
Just darkness.
The candle flickered,
My only sign of hope.

Janice Ander

Where Has Everyone Gone?

Where has everyone gone?
I call out for my friends,
but I hear only silence.
Looking over the vast sea
of people I see only cold,
mocking, uncaring faces.
They laugh at me as I stand
alone.
Tears roll down my face, but
no one is there to wipe them away.
The empty pit in my stomach grows
until it consumes me.
The sharp knife lies on the table,
and dares me to use it.
But would anyone care?

Judy Hansen

Who Am I?

I try to be friendly
with kids here at school.
They're growing up.
They need space.
I tell them to listen
as the intercom speaks.
I'm responsible, you know,
that they hear all the rules,
but still in all,
they're a good bunch of kids.
After announcements
why not let them chat?
It's only homeroom.
They need someplace to talk.
The rest of the day
is, "Quiet. Listen up!"
I wonder if I'm liked.
I try to be friendly.
I dress fairly casually,
not stuffy or sloppy.
It's hard to know how you stand
with teens today.
Oh well, it's life.
I try -- that's my best.

Christopher Helton

The Sword of Orion for Nisf

She looks up into the night sky
Searching for the Sword of Orion
Breathless as she shades her eyes
Against the glare of the streetlight.
I point to the sky and say,
"Look over there, the Belt of Orion,"
But she strains further
Looking for the sword of Orion.
Her perfume fills the night air and
My breath is hot against her neck
And over there she sees
The Sword of Orion.
"It is the stuff of which dreams are made."

Spring Coronation (The Lourdes Grotto in May)

The west wind sways spruce sentinels,
hums thru bristling pines.

Bridlewreath tremble
whispering
news that now it winds
past bright rows of daffodils
and blue, lush lilac lines.
Restless,
brown-capped sparrows bounce
on rain troughs, ledges, sills,
chirping clear, staccato notes,
fluffed-up feathers,
flutter as they scatter,
chilled,
silenced.

Shining spokes of sparkling silver!
A meadow lark sings out,
careens,
gliding over tufts of green.

Splashing fire
from his spire
aloft the water tower,
a cardinal's redsheen.

Late-coming wrens wedge in
to find a place to rest
along the wall,
on apple-blossomed branches,
behind bushes, call
to one another,
as they hurry,
scurry to their nest.

Purple martins mount the heights,
veer high above,
while jetting swifts begin
chattering,
banking,

breaking zones of dawnlight
edging in,
beneath black, billowing
balconies of clouds
along the horizon's rim.
Reeling rays of sunlight,
like brilliant rose batons,
summon birds to play
overtures, matin hymns,
as a Brother kneels to pray
under swaying,
bee-swarmed pines,
to greet the Queen of May.
Waters welling from the rocks
like those at graced Massabielle,
murmur ave's glory's
fall cascading, as the bell
in the Twin Tower
chimes the hour.
The Virgin's eyes,
turned heavenward,
intercede for us;
now clear,
now tearful,
palms in prayer,
Our Notre Dame de Lourdes,
our light of morning,
here,
as where
Bernadette beheld her,
immaculate,
all fair.
No need she a sceptre,
crown, nor orb,
nor robe with jeweled hem,
who wears upon her brow
divinely placed gem--
maternity divine is hers--
her son her diadem.

David Paquette

And I Walk

I walk
As my tears fall
But I don't care
Let them run

And I walk
Through wooded hills
Through icy brooks
Through quiet towns

And I walk
Past a mirror
Reflecting me
So I'm afraid

And I walk
Through piercing eyes
Of love and hate
Of misunderstanding

And I walk
Over the edge
To Heaven's gate
And knock

Sheila Gemperle

The Car Ride

I sit in the car
staring out the window.
We move so fast;
the scenery is a blur.
All I see are
trees and fields.
I want to sleep,
But I can't.
I've slept enough already.
And now, here I am...
Bored.
The vacation was fun,
But this car ride is unbearable.
How many hours left?
Oh, too many--
I think I'll take a nap.

David Tuerff

Patrick and the Serpent

Come all you people an' gather 'round
To hear a wonderful tale,
'Bout a little man who was lost and then found.
His name was Patrick McMAYLE.

Ol' Patty set sail one black, stormy night
With Hell blowin' wild o'er his head.
Folks bid him , "Stay home," but he gave them a fight,
And the folks were sure he'd be dead.

Lookin' for gold, wealth and riches thought he,
After rounds of stout and poteen,
But his quest for wealth and glory would be
Shattered by the sight to be seen.

It came out from under deep water,
A serpent, long, large, ugly and brown.
He wished he was back home with his daughter
Or drinkin' beer snug in the town.

The beast had horns, fangs and fire for breath.
'Twas fifty feet at the shoulder.
But ol' Patty 'imself will be cheating death,
As he thought a way he could hold her.

The serpent charged with hellfire and might,
Mouth wide open, ready to prey.
But ol' Patty with strength and sure fire sight
Tossed a drink he drank from that day.

The serpent consumed the wee drink,
With a lick, a sip and a swallow.
It soon was intoxicated, unable to think,
And sank to dark waters below.

Ol' Patty, tired and shaken by fright,
In haste, adjusted his sail,
Wanting to be home before dark of night
To tell the town's people his tale.

Rich Pesenko

Wednesday

It's a special day because
there is only one Wednesday
each week.

This Wednesday is special
because this today is the
only today that will ever be.
Tomorrow will be a different today.
Yesterday was a different today.

Too bad it's over in five minutes.

(Too bad I've been up all week.
Too bad my mind is numb.)

John Scott

Fortunately People Change: A Profile of Michael Scott: An Imagined Monologue

My older brother Michael is twenty three years old now. He is intelligent and very hard working, although this has not always been the case. Throughout grammar school and high school Michael was known as a hoodlum. His grades were well below par, and his habits were even worse. When he was seventeen he got himself into some trouble with the police and was facing criminal prosecution. Fortunately people change. In the following monologue, Michael illustrates his early days, his transition period, and his present way of life.

When I was younger, I ran with the toughest crowd in the neighborhood. We saw ourselves as the protectors of our community. It was like, if we didn't like the looks of a group of outsiders, we would run them out. And if they gave us any lip about it, (he laughs) they'd get the living shit kicked out of them. Nobody messed with the younger kids in the neighborhood either, because if they did, they knew that they would have to answer to us. But once in a while some outsiders, who didn't know the rules, would get tough with the young ones, but no group ever made that same mistake twice. (angrily) Never!

I drank a lot back then. But I had fun, and I was happy with my friends. I felt safe with them because we had so much in common. We all promised each other that we would never grow up to be like our parents. We would never become part of a society where everyone lied to get what they wanted. No sir! We were going to live life our way. Put all your cards on the table, and if they don't like what they see, then that was too f---ing bad.

That's the way I was when I was fifteen. But by the time I was seventeen those cards that were once kings and queens were now aces over eights, (the dead man's hand) and I had to start playing for keeps. No more fist fights. It had soon escalated to knives, guns, and in one case we even used explosives.

In those two years, I also earned quite a reputation with the police department. I was arrested for drunk and disorderlies, and runaways. Nothing big, but it was bad enough to get me a room at the juvenile detention center. Not once, but twice. It was during those times that I wondered when all of this craziness would end.

It ended soon enough, and it was the scariest f---ing time of my entire life. Me and a few of the boys were down on the railroad tracks exploding Molotov cocktails, just for kicks, when an unfamiliar car pulled

up. A group of outsiders got out, and we quickly recognized them. We had kicked their asses just last week for spray painting our park house. They had come for revenge equipped with baseball bats and pitch forks. We were not scared. We had taken them before, and we could do it again, right? Wrong!

Two more cars pulled up, more outsiders with more weapons got out. So there we were, the four of us facing an angry mob with weapons in their hands. They came at us. There must of been about ten of them in all, but when we started throwing our homemade explosives at them, at least half of them got back into their cars and drove off. As I watched them drive off, I felt a bat drive into my stomach. The pain was so intense, that I immediately fell to the ground in a blackout of pain. Someone rolled me onto my back, put a pitch fork to my throat, and growled "Say your f---ing prayers, asshole!"

It was at that instant that we were distracted by an earthshaking detonation. My buddy Casey had used the last cocktail to blow up the outsider's car. We fought on. But underneath the sound of the flames and our grunts of pain and anger, came the roar of sirens, and everyone scattered. Everyone except for me. I just lay there. I was sick of running. My whole life I had been running.

Four Balloons

While sitting and waiting one afternoon,
I saw four balloons playfully bouncing,
swaying with each other,
three of them red, one of them white,
moving in perfect sync.

Suddenly, the red ones turned on the pale white one.
Their once playful attitude seemed to disappear,
their swaying turning into violent bucks
against the smaller white one.

In moments of vindication the white one
would strike back, only to be overcome
by the dominant red troops.

As the conflict persisted,
a red one was slowly losing altitude,
its tether too heavy to let it continue.
Sporadically, the hurt red one would rise,
as if to join in again,
but his attempts were broken at the realization
that without life giving air
his binding was too heavy for him to stay airborne.

This made the other two red ones
more frustrated and vicious.
Their hits became harder and harder each time,
but the white one persisted in defending itself.
The white balloon, still erect and straight,
was ready to break from the banister.
At the height of the battle, an outsider came,
a human sympathetic to the white balloon,
and, sucking the life out of the remaining red ones,
let the white one free.

Conservation

He bent down to examine a dead fish
along the beach

"It's a shame the factories have to dump
their garbage in the lake.

It messes up more than the fish.

And the mills pollute the air.

If only people would clean up after themselves, too,"
he said looking at the trash scattered around.

He then stood up and tucked his beer bottle
under his arm so he could light his cigarette.

Dana Elliott

Me

They said that I would never change
and that my life would be a mess.
To them it must be so strange
that I am such a big success.

Not the kind that they all want to be,
with money and all kinds of jewels.
They'll never understand me,
but I know they are all just fools.

Love and Friendship is what they need
To be the success I've grown to be.
They'll never be able to see,
Exactly what it's like to be free.

Dana Elliott

Silent Slumber

Silence, calm, placid dreams,
No more nightmares, no more screams.
Stillness fills the outer shell.
My mind survived very well.
Darkness never fades away.
I am dead. I died today.

John Gavin

Ron Trotter: A Used Car Porter Who Takes Great Pride in My Work: An Imagined Dialouge

I am a 36 year old single black man with an eleventh grade education. My job seems to be of little importance to many, and few people would like to have it. I am a used car porter who takes great pride in my work.

I work for Gavin Chrysler Plymouth, a car dealership on the south side of Chicago. Owned and ran by whites, it operates on my territory. In the neighborhood live many poor and sloppy people, not like myself. The buildings are covered with graffiti and the sidewalks and curbs and parking lots are freshly littered each night and never cleaned. I'm not saying I'm better than anyone or that we're better than any business on Western Avenue, but every day without rain or snow, I'm outside at 8:00 with a street vacuum sucking up the debris ignorant people throw away on the streets. When I first started working at the old dealership, the streets and sidewalks were littered every night and never cleaned. Because of sedimentation and poor workers, there was just too much crap for me to scoop up. After the dealership burned to the ground, which was the best thing that ever happened to it, a new building was erected not to mention new curbs, sidewalks and parking lot. The new concrete is still clean to this day because of the effort I put into keeping it clean. The neighborhood hoodlums might look at me like I'm some kind of stupid slave, but the man who signs my paycheck and hopefully customers and passersby appreciate my work.

As a porter my main responsibilities are to keep things looking good: cars, offices, curbs and sidewalks, bathrooms and the name above the dealership. Sure this job is hard and dirty and, hell, I don't make much money at all. The owner is 34 years old and making millions, and I'm 36 years old and making \$6.50 an hour. Believe me, I've asked myself plenty of times why I'm working here making my wages instead of working somewhere else making twice as much. I actually like this job. The bosses as well as the salesmen like me and no one really gives me any harmful shit. I'm usually just reminded to clean a delivery, or an accident a salesman might have caused like spilled drinks or broken toilets. Once I took shit from the owner and I can assure you that that will never happen again. I blocked his brand new New Yorker in the drive and he couldn't get out. Well, he got on his carphone which was hooked up to the dealership's frequency and he screamed and hollered

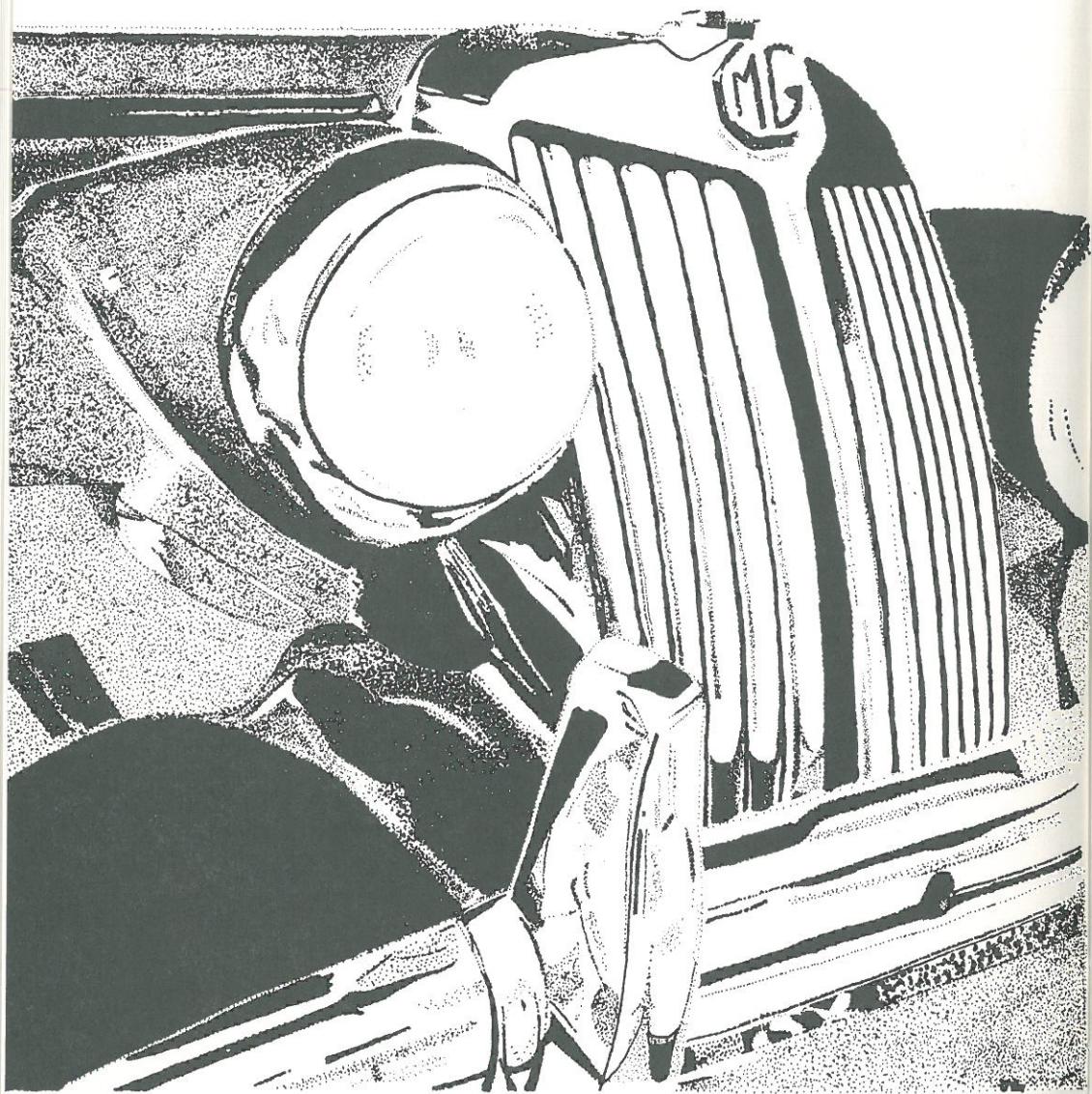
over the intercom for ten minutes for someone to move the car that was blocking him in. The customers were in shock as the sales men ran around the showroom like chickens with their heads cut off looking for me or the keys to move the car. I ran out of the bathroom as fast as I could and moved the car. The insanity in the showroom ceased and eyes were glued to the window as I nervously walked towards the owner in his car. The driver's window went down and Mr. Gavin's red face stared at me in the eyes and with his grinding teeth and soft to-the-point voice he said, "Ron, if you ever do that again, I want you to go in my office, put your keys on my desk, punch out and go home, FOREVER!!" My keys, that's another thing that keeps me here. I am the lowest man on the totem pole here and one of the lowest paid workers, and I have keys to the dealership. Only three other people have keys also. Two managers have keys to the showroom but that's it. I have keys to the showroom, the shop, the gates and the used car lot office, and the only one with anymore keys is the owner, who has one more key, the key to his office. Mr. Gavin trusts me more than his lying managers even with my background and stereotype, (He thinks all blacks are criminals).

A little white kid I once worked with asked me if I was going to work here forever. I really like the job I have now, but to tell you the truth, I consider myself a professional buffer and it would be great if, with my color, I could open up a buffing garage on the north side and buff all those fancy foreign cars that the yuppies drive, for around fifty dollars or so. I told him it only takes me a couple of hours to wash, detail and buff a car at the dealership and I'm only getting a hourly salary. With my own shop I could wipe out three or four cars a day and rake in the bucks. That's where the money's at, and that's what I'd like to do.

There have been days when I took it easy at work for whatever reason, and there have been days when I've worked twice as hard. On a regular day though I work between 90% and 110%. Quite possibly another reason I work here is because I enjoy making new inventions to increase my output of clean cars on the lot in a shorter time, and able to completely detail a used car for delivery. Hosing the cars down one day and simply wiping them off another day allows me to do miscellaneous jobs while keeping the cars spotless. Many times I wash and wipe the whole car so the salesmen are able to make a living by selling my clean cars. I usually take Mopar car wax and floor polish, mix them together, and then use it as my own car wax. I find that my wax invention works better than any wax I've ever used before, and the fact that I took the time to invent it, it makes me happy when customers praise the beautiful shine that I'm responsible for. When my work is done, I too am usually praised one way or another, and when my day is done I feel like I've

accomplished something. I feel responsible for any of the happy customers who come in and for all the used car sales that were delivered to smiling customers.

I don't consider myself to be a drinker on the job even though I might have had a couple of malt liquors while on the clock during the scorching summers. When I do drink heavily is when I go to the corner drugstore and purchased liquor for the bus ride home to the little lady. I'm not married and don't have any children but my lover and I share expenses on an apartment. Problems at work don't make me drink. If I drink at all because of work, it's because I'm proud of my work. I use alcohol as a reward for a job well done.



James Temple

Fields of Wonder

"What of love, poet,
What lines have you
Composed to instruct
Your son of those
Qualities which he should seek
In his life's journey,
As in his heart's quest?"

One does not prepare
To speak to my son
Of such matters,
I shall speak of my own heart,
And not merely with my lips.
I shall speak of love
Through the love which is mine,
And not with prepared thoughts
Which I have penned in haste.

You speak of the heart's quest
As though it was but a flower
To be picked for its beauty,
Its fragrance, or its color,
And yet one cannot etch
Standards of acceptance upon
Nor demand that love abide
By the logic of the mind,
For love is its own logic.

Think you that love
Is a treasure to be coveted,
And sought for the beauty
Of its brilliance,
Or the measure of its worth?
Would you seek to unearth
Its beauty with the spade
Of qualification,
To mold it to your expectations

With Pygmalion accuracy?

Love is not to sought,
Nor to be found.
Rather, it is to be felt
And to be experienced,
For its beauty lies
Not in the mind
Where love dwells
Only in shadows of memory,
But ,rather, in the heart,
With its warmth and its joy.

I would bid my son
Not to see love
But ,rather, to be open to it,
For the flower-in-the-shop-
Window's beauty pales
When matched to that
Of the wild flower in the field,
Which is all the more
Beautiful because it was
Neither sought, nor expected.

As the Sun,
Which questions not the worth
of those who would lie
In the warmth of her light,
And the Sea,
Which does not plan its love
And yet shall embrace all those
Who but hear the symphony of her sighs
And come to the shore of her heart,
So would I wish my son to love.

Love, then, is the spark
Which ignites the fuel
Of the heart
To blaze with the warmth,
And the brilliance
Of the Stars in the heavens,
Yet consumes not the essence

How many have listened to the
Refrains of their own needs,
Without experiencing the symphony
Of a smile?

How many have sought for the road
Which would bring them to the
Very threshold of love,
While missing the magic of the fields?
How few have really known the
Unexpected warmth and light which
I have felt in my heart's revelations?

He who seeks,
Shall wander the roads of the earth
In search of that which may not be found,
While he who feels
Shall know the field of wonder
And experience the fullness of love,
Only to ponder its mysteries
In an attempt to share the warmth
Which he has felt
With the fruit of his experience.

Sheila Gemperle

Dedication to Dr. Allen Berger

8:00 classes on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are rough on everyone.

People do different things to try to stay awake.

Some get up early and eat breakfast.

Some take cold showers.

Some just come to class half asleep.

Others, however, drink coffee.

The professor of this particular 8:00 class chooses the latter option.

Every morning he comes to class with the same coffee mug.

He holds it in the same position throughout class.

On very rare days does he actually take a sip or two of the coffee.

It actually seems useless for him to bring it,

Except maybe for one psychological perspective.

You see, the mug's appearance is very strange.

I think this professor uses it to affect our minds in some way.

Anyway, it has pictures of a man progressively blowing up a balloon.

The balloon reads "Have" in the first picture.

As it gets bigger, it reads "Have a."

Finally, when the balloon is completely blown up,

the phrase "Have a Happy" is shown.

Well, I have just one question for Dr. Berger:

Have a Happy what?!?!

Cindy Stibich

A Refrigerator

Have you ever wondered when shutting the door,
if that little light stays on or off?
Do the carrots go to sleep?
Or do they stay up late to chat?
Do the lettuce, tomatoes, and cucumbers
get together with the salad dressing to throw a party?
How about the eggs?
Do they have eggs-zactly what it takes to beat the bacon
at a game of hockey?
Maybe the Pepsis and the Cokes fight over who is the
"Real Thing."
Or else, the little man who lives in the fridge comes out
and turns off that little light.

Sue Sipkema

Like A Refrigerator

At times I feel like a refrigerator.
I am tall, white and wide.
At times when you look inside,
there isn't anything good in there.
It's cold, bare and empty.
At other times, I am brimming with good things,
ready for someone to open the door and
take their fill of whatever they can find.

David Paquette

Love Poem #7

To walk a path in pouring rain
And not to feel its crystal pain,
Is not to know a love so true
As in my heart I feel for you.

It's hard to speak or even write
The things inside I know are right.
I need you here to catch my tears
When I cry within and no one hears.

I wish to sit by shallow streams
And tell you all my life long dreams.
I'd walk into the darkest night
To give you love and inner light.

To stare into the setting sun
And not to see its colors run,
Is not to look into your eyes
And give you love that never dies.

David Paquette

Toy Soldier

Standing there all dressed in green,
A plastic man made by machine.
Equipped with gun and battle gear,
He never feels an ounce of fear.
Into battle he must go,
To fight again an evil foe.
Always fighting, he wonders why
He has no choice but live or die.

Karen Stanley

Mountain Campfire

Fills the huge dark spaces of night
with a glowing light that lingers
after dawn, this campfire of mine,
And speckled in the background
distant mountain peaks
call me to venture their climb.

But the campfire draws me into its warmth,
to feed from the embers, glowing,
smoldering in a sea of fire
and smoke and pine needles smells
that in the nostrils play until the
appetite is filled and the want for
anything more billows away,
to hear the quiet beyond the crackling
and occasional pop when moisture from
and unseasoned log is liberated within
a spark.

And I too am liberated in the light
of the fire.

My eyes become fixed upon
the flames of yellow and orange
and blazing coals that etch designs
beneath charred logs with
a tinge of hottest blue.

And sparks shoot aimlessly into the dark
twinkling like stars in the endless sky
until at last they fade and die.

My face flushes in the calescence
while upon my back the evening chill
spreads a blanket of cold.

And I rotate and stare the blackness for the
lips to cool and the back to boast the heat ,
turning and turning 'til I am done.

And I sleep,
not as a soldier sleeps but as an infant,
content and satisfied until the morning
pushes the first ray of light over the top
of the mountain peak and this campfire of mine
relents to ashes and blows away with dust.
And then the mountain I'll climb.

Karen Stanley

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves
Red yellow and orange
Against the blue
Clustered for a time
Like friends
One by one silently drop
Until all let go --
Autumn leaves.



Carol Wienrank

Perception

God blessed us all equally.
The difference is how we perceive.
If you only look at the bad
and of the things you wish you had,
Happiness you'll never know
and life for you will simply go.
But if you see the joyful side
and try to give and not just hide,
You'll soon find out that life is fun
and see the good things God has done.
Happiness is what you make it
and life turns out the way you take it.
Although strife is often there,
the Lord will always help you bear.
So if you let the bad go by,
You'll find yourself feeling high.
To know love you have to give.
Then life will be one you want to live.

Carol Wienrank

Teachers

A rare breed of people,
both tender and stern.
They love little children,
and help them to learn.
They teach all day,
and grade half the night.
They make lesson plans,
in the wee morning light.
They wipe away tears,
and teach children to share.
What a teacher does most
is really to care.

John Groppe

Lovers like the Sun or Water

Walking the beach, holding the white
billowing skirt against her thighs,
she knows the deep cool of water on her feet,
feels her body -- thighs, buttocks, breasts --
full and free under flowing cloth,
knows her own silhouette against the sun.

"Why can't the world know me as the water,
as this dress and sun know me,
as I know myself?"

The women stiffen and watch the men,
who, silenced, watch her wade.

"How did I offend these women
knowing a man not my husband?
Do I, who have no lover or husband, offend them now?"

The water soothing her ankles, calves, and thighs,
she pulls the dress tighter to wade deeper.

"Why are there no lovers like the sun or water?"

Triptych

The Prayer of Josue (Josue 10)

Sun rays filter clouds
rising from the Thames,
swirling over chimney tiles --
shrouds --
folding withered dreams.
Seemed they thus to Josue,
that day in Gabaon,
while he prayed to You?
"Lord of Hosts,
rays of the dying sun
curtain you from view,
leave me empty- handed,
frustrate,
foiled of my prey!
Unfinished,
vain my struggles,
fight."
What impulse moved him,
to escape his fate,
audaciously to say
to you, oh sun,
"Move not!
Stay, night!
Time stops for no man,"
they say;
not I.
Stand still, oh moon!
Glide not toward Ajalon!
I've just begun,
I say!
I've caves to search,
kings to kill,
necks to break,
cities to destroy!
Maceda's walls and villagers

must tumble down,
stumble down this day!
Lebna, Lachis, Horam, Egdon, Dabir, Hebron --
wiped out
in a day!
From Cadesbarne to Gaza,
Goshen to Gabaon --
grandpas,
grandmas,
mothers, children --
wasted,
in one day!
Stare on
oh red-eyed sun,
While I slaughter on!

The Prayer of Samson (Judges 16)

"They mock me, Lord --
and well they must --
it seems to them
I had abandoned You,
betrayed your people,
foresworn your trust.
So, by this youth
they bring me here anew
to poke their bony fingers
in my ribs
and tie me to this
marble temple pillar --
round and smooth --
smooth as Delila's hips,
but cooler
than the eleven hundred
silver pieces
they gave her
"to deceive Samson"
they said;
to shave me,
shear me of my manly locks.

Eh, lad,
let me touch another,
one like this is,
one to reach the roof,
the keystone!
Let me lean a bit on its
base, adjust my frocks,
and play again,
and stop their jeers and hisses."
Then Samson called upon the Lord:
"Remember me,
oh God of power and might!
Give me your Spirit,
renew your Word
within me.
God of Israel,
avenge my plight!
Enable me
to shake once more,
to shift these pillars,
move this earth,
this house,
these people
who despise your gift
of Law, of life.
Restore my strength,
arouse my zeal
for faithful souls,
for children who adore
no graven gods,
but worship one alone,
You, Yahweh!"
* * *

They buried him
twixt Esthaol
and Saraa,
with his brethren
and his kindred,
in the bosom of Abraham
and his father Manue.

The Prayer of Jesus (Luke 23)

They mock me, oh God,
and stretch me taut
as a bow bent to kill,
stripped,
aimed absurdly out,
akimbo
on this hill,
amid these luckless robbers --
foul-mouthed thieves,
blasphemers,
soldiers,
rulers,
bloody-killers -- these,
who feed the fires of violence
thinking still thereby
they offer sacrifice to You,
knowing not repentance.
Father,
forgive them.
They know not
what they do!
Oh, dark, dark, dark the night,
but darker the soul;
evil the day,
but darker the night
of nations
who clothe their deeds of destruction
in skins of justice;
who hood
from themselves --
and from their people --
sins against innocent blood,
asking
"What is truth?
What is justice?"
It is the power
to persuade.
It is beauty,
and undying love.

It is patience
to endure
what love must do.
It is stronger than the grave.
It is life.
It is impress
of your presence!
Father,
I return to You
what, in your love,
You gave!

The Power of...

David Paquette

Man vs. Machine

Across a field,
Neither would yield
to the ancient power
of the passing hour.
Flesh to steel.
Which was real?
Time stood still
For concrete will.
The battleground,
Damnation bound.
Flesh to steel
Which would kneel?
Man held steady.
Machine ran ready.
To put to test
Just who was best.
Flesh to steel.
The clouds revealed.
Wherever you go,
You must know
for human deeds,
That metal bleeds.

Shelley Robertson

Will I Ever Be Free Again?

Will I ever be free to run like the wind?
Or tread my own paths without some kind of trend?

Will I ever be free to sit in the sun
After a hard day (with no pay) of labor is done?

Will there ever be a time the world will dance,
No subconscious refusals, just for the chance?

Are we doomed to a world of continued advancing?
Of technological confusion and "pitting" and "prancing"?

Is this really the place where innocence ends?
Is this really the place where the straightened path bends?

Does anyone know who they are anymore?
Is there anything they do that isn't a chore?

Pleasure's the goal; pain the consequence.
My God! Does not even one have some sense?

The world pushes forward -- life pushes back.
We are torn and tormented, derailed from our track.

And how many more times
Must we ponder these rhymes?

How much faster can we make time pass?
How many more comments so shocking and crass?

How much longer can we continue to fight?
How much is enough -- will it ever be right?

People have trodden on the flag that says "freedom."
Then they complain about how others treat them.

People pay thousands for immoral art.
Then "concerned" they trace poverty on a statistical chart.

It's O.K. to kill babies. "They're not alive."
Yet their parents waited for them to arrive.

But this is the 90's -- the new generation!
The violent, sexual, murdering nation!

Where is America? Are we too proud to see?
Where has justice gone? Can't we be free?

The foreign come over with a "grand illusion."
Americans consider their presence intrusion.

"Because of human services, we are billions in debt,"
While the hungry get hungrier and the homeless get wet.

Is there no content person? Are all heroes gone?
Are "heroes" what we need to carry on?

"This is the way to be," the movies will tell.
The Church tells us, "Don't or you might go to hell."

No one believes in themselves anymore.
And everything beautiful to them is a bore.

The government parties are "for education."
While the rich educated are off on vacation.

So here I sit on this beautiful day.
I'm supposed to write a paper, but have nothing to say.

Because all this is the truth, but they'll claim it's a lie,
And if you attempt to prove it, like Jesus, you'll die.

He's Coming

I hid from him like a frightened child.
I could hear his footsteps growing louder.
CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.
My heart was pounding harder and faster with
each step.
Each breath was a fight to force air down my
constricted lungs.
My mind was racing -- would this agony ever end?
Beads of perspiration had formed on my head
and were rolling into my eyes.
I could taste the sweet taste of blood from
biting my upper lip.
I could hear his vacuum-like breathing
becoming louder.
I saw the top of his head as he drew nearer
to my hiding place.
I wanted to get away, but my legs seemed to be
attached to the floor.
I squeezed my eyes shut tight,
and tried to wish him away.
But he came.
Oh Lord, what would he do to me?

Dana Elliott

Rose Thorn Wire

His hands were calloused by the guns he bore
all due to the war.

Death and destruction went hand and hand
with the rise and fall of every land.

I remember it all so well.

After all, I thought once,
who could really forget living Hell?

I remember the place where I stood
when I heard the first bomb shell.

Although it has been years,
I can see behind the tears
what I've come to recall as Rose Thorn Wire.

There, I was as one with death.

Rose Thorn Wire was the barrier between
the beauty of freedom and the trench of evil.
It was somehow unfair that beside the war
was a valley of wild thorn roses,
separated only by a simple picket fence,
which the roses gracefully entwined.

It was somehow unfair that
the scent of a blooming rose in morning dew
was overcome by the stench of dead men whom the evening slew.

A sense of innocence also died then,
for innocence is for the young and unknowing.

It is for those who have not yet been touched by evil.

I remember it all so well.

After all, who could really forget living Hell?
I tell them, "No, not war, not this time,"
but they know where to draw the line,
for they are young and must learn for themselves
what destruction comes from bomb shells.

I tell them, "No, no, not war, not this time."
But they do not understand,
and I know what they will find.

Gentle Care

Darkness surrounds me.
I lift my small hand to my watery eyes.
The salty tears run into my mouth -- my nose runs as well.
Suddenly, light breaks the black
and a clawed hand reaches for me.
I stop any noise in fear --
A tear streaks my cheek as the sight of my mommy comes into view --
she's smiling.
I still sit in the farthest corner of the cabinet below the sink
holding my pained elbow.
The fleeting thought reoccurs (the broken chair)
but is lost in the chocolate chip cookie she hands me.
I can only stare at it.
I say, "I thought it was Daddy."
She grins and says, "I fixed everything.
Would you like some milk, too?"
I sniffle and nod my head. She hands me a cup of milk and
pats my head.
Finally, she closes the cabinet door --
I like it that way.

Just Out Back

All day long, I've been dreaming of escape,
longing to run away,
And I know just the place to go,
my own backyard.

I rush passed the house to take my place
on a huge, bench like rock,
in front of a gorgeous, glowing fire,
and watch the reflecting flames drift and dance across
the gentle ripples of the pond
that is less than a stone's toss in front of me.

The crackle of the fire calls the other sounds of nature
that occur only in the night.

Off to the west in a deep, dark woods,
an owl replies to the fire.

I hear the crunching of dry, fallen leaves
as a night prowler moves to the sound of the owl.

A solemn silence follows.

Seconds later, the gentle, but loud slapping of the owl's wings
startles the night air out of its trance.

Silence becomes the sound of the wind slithering through the trees
trying not to disturb the leaves.

To the east, beyond the row of Russian olives,
Dad's silhouette blocks the light seeping from the kitchen window.
I think he's saying "Goodnight" to the place he also loves.

Suddenly I hear "Kerplunk" on the other side of the pond.

I look sharply to the south and see the shadow of a deer.
He stands there, proud and bold,
frozen for a moment, then continues to drink before he moves
majestically back to the mystery of the cornfield.

For a moment I can hear him brushing his rack against the rows of
stalks,
the sound of his movement fading.

The rock upon which I sit gets colder in the night time air.
As I take a deep breath,

I can smell the burning walnut logs
and almost taste the freshness of tomorrow
that's brought with the midnight dew.

David Paquette

Dream Singer

He dreamed the songs of forever
And where he went he sang
The past, present, future, and never.

He sang,
And mountains fell in boiling seas.

He danced,
And clouds burst on flaming meadows.

He raised his arms out wide
And the people came in.

For every life he touched
He gave the song and the dance,
And when it was over
He saw what he had done
And sang again.

Becky Deel

Chemins Dangereux

Up the steepest mountain
Across a stormy sea ,
Through the roaring wind,
Go the adventurers, you and me.
We'll take on wild creatures
No man has ever seen,
Beings with distorted features
And gruesome fiery fiends.
We'll fight for truth and justice,
For our honor and our glory.
You'll fight for the lady's kiss;
I'll fight for love and fantasy.
And when we're done exploring,
And found our way through the maze,
We'll see our lives exciting
Along our dangerous ways.

Robert Garrity

A Study in Pigments

People who paint such beautiful pictures ought not to be murdered! This was the only thought I had as I followed the delicate shading of the art work that stood on the white oak easel. Eventually I forced myself to look beyond that colorful canvas and down the cliff toward the little white bundle that lay at the base of the rocks.

The name of the white bundle was Sarah Lintow. She had spent fourteen of her nineteen years in becoming educated enough to make a very dead college sophomore. Nineteen-year-old beauties like this ought not be murdered! This corollary to my first impression suddenly made me experience what more highly educated people call *Weltschmerz*.

My education had taken me two years beyond high school to a community college, but I could feel something in the presence of good art when the occasion arose. That canvas had the proper shades of pink-blue-gray-orange that expressed a certain phase of our coastal sunset. She had been painting that picture, I surmised, when the monster had come along, seen that beautiful girl and pushed her over the cliff. I was then called in --a professional policeman -- to mourn the double loss, a work of art never completed and a life of beauty not yet fully developed. They say that such things make grown men weep; this one only made me sick.

How did we know it was not an accidental fall? One look at the bruises on the upper arms and at the unscuffed sole of the left shoe remaining on her foot told us that. We later found the right shoe, also smooth and not scuffed.

And so we wrote on our report that it was apparently murder, committed by person or persons unknown, realizing that the coroner would legally substantiate that conclusion later. It was time to begin scrutinizing evidence and questioning some people.

Her name, printed on cards in the wallet in the red purse beside the easel, was Sarah Lintow. She was nineteen, a Democrat, the possessor a Social Security card, and a resident of 1294 Windwood Boulevard.

In an attempt to recreate the possible crime scene, I stood the easel near the cliff's edge and knelt to examine the ground. Six small indentations remained in the soft earth. By placing the easel in a position whereby I could look over it to the rocks at the parking area, I could

easily fit the three legs of the easel into three of the tiny holes. By propping one of the paintings left there upon the easel, I could see both the picture of, and the actual rocks.

Then I turned the easel so that the legs fit into the three remaining imprints. The other painting -- Sally's last -- was lying at my side. I placed it on the easel, and was able to see the cliff beyond it. The same sick feeling I had earlier experienced came over me. But the imitation on the easel did not match the reality of the sun being still too bright. Maybe if I come back tonight, at just the right time with the sun setting, I will see the power of Sally's artistry as she might have -- But then, back to the other evidence.

Spanish-style, white and yellow, secluded, expensive. Verbal labels that gave themselves to the policeman's file-cabinet mind as he walked the length of the flagstone path to 1294 Windwood Boulevard. A maid in uniform will answer the door, I thought. But instead there appeared a beautiful silver-haired replica of Sarah Lintow.

"Mrs. Lintow?" What else was I to say?

"Yes, what is it?" And what else could she respond?

"I am Lieutenant Riordan of the Fourteenth Precinct," I said in the official tones, pulling the worn leather badge case out for her view. "May I come in, please?"

"Why -- what -- well, yes of course." The fear was beginning to grow in her voice. She led the way to a large, exquisitely furnished living room.

"What is it you want, Lieutenant?" the suddenly subdued tones came in almost a murmur.

"I'm afraid I have some bad news, Mrs. Lintow. It's about your daughter."

"Sally! What's happened? Please, Mr. Roton, What is it?"

"Riordan ma'am. Please sit down. This is not pleasant."

She sank into a white sofa while she said, "What has happened to Sally?"

"I'm sorry Mrs. Lintow. Your daughter is dead; it was murder." Now you've said it, you bastard, and when will a better way to do these things be discovered? She had better react soon, because I refuse to quit biting my tongue until she does. She reacted.

"Sally? Dead? Murdered? Oh God, Lieutenant! What do you mean?" How does a lieutenant with eighteen years on the force answer a question like that?

"We found her on the rocks beneath the cliffs at Bel Air. She had been painting, and someone must have fought with her and pushed her over."

"Who -- why -- why?" By now she was almost screaming. I went to her and put my hands on her trembling shoulders. She collapsed in a torrent of tears, falling limp in my arms as she poured forth her grief and her shock.

After a while she was able to ask the easier questions of "when" and "how." The earlier "why" was an impossibility.

"The police were called in this morning at about six-thirty by a young man named Thomas Hayworth. He had come across the body -- Sally, when he noticed her abandoned easel while jogging before breakfast. The Medical Examiner says the death had occurred no more than twelve hours earlier. There was no sign of a violent struggle, suggesting either that the killer had sneaked up behind her or that he was well-known to Sally."

"Does -- did the Hayworth boy know Sally?" Her voice was calm in a frightening way.

"They were both enrolled at City College, but he claims he had never met her. One of our men is checking that story at the College now." I watched Mrs. Lintow's hands, so like her pretty daughter's. But her daughter's hands were stiff in death, stained with paint in pink-blue-gray-orange.

When I arrived back at headquarters, Sergeant Milt Gorham was ready to report results from the College. He clicked off the facts without editorial comment. Sarah Lintow had had several friends in the Art Department, two of whom had fainted on hearing the news of her death. A delicate co-ed named Marti Marlowe told of a Sam Northern who regularly stopped by Sally's favorite spot on the Bel Air cliff to talk with her. Northern admitted having stopped by at about six o'clock. He remembered the time because he had asked her if she were working right through supper again, a habit of hers. Three friends of Northern claimed that he had supper with them in the cafeteria at six thirty. No other lead could be found. And, oh yes, Hayworth's claim not to have known her was apparently true.

I ate a hasty supper that evening and then drove our to Bel Air. The light breeze of early evening cooled me as I sat staring at the horizon. Here was the place where the easel had stood; here her paint box had lain with the red purse beside it. Nearer the edge of the cliff had been her palette and brushes. Now it was -- I checked my watch -- almost exactly twenty-four hours since Sam Northern's visit to this cliff. The sun was big, yellow, bright as it dropped slowly toward the blue-green ocean.

Who could have done this, I thought. Perhaps Northern was lying, having pushed her over the cliff before meeting his friends. I tried to picture the angry words, the gradual edging toward the cliff's edge, the grabbing of the upper arms, the dropping of palette and brushes, the flinging over of the beautiful Sally.

By now the yellow brightness of the sun had turned to orange, casting a pink reflection into the water that was now more gray than blue-green. The sky was a darker blue, and just enough of daylight remained to let me see by my watch that it was now ten after seven. By seven-thirty I stretched in the rapidly darkening evening air and returned to my car, following its bright beams down to the city streets. Before going home to bed, I had decided to question a few college students myself in the morning.

As I followed the flagstone walk to the Spanish-style house on Windwood Boulevard, I had the same sick feeling as on the day before. Mrs. Lintow admitted me at once.

"Sally often painted or stayed late at the College to talk with her friends. Sometimes she stayed with Marti or one of the other girls." I had asked her why she had not reported her daughter missing.

"Have you talked with Marti -- Marti Marlowe? She was Sally's closest friend in art class." I told her that my partner had questioned her, but that I intended to go over to the College myself immediately. Mrs. Lintow was much calmer than she had been yesterday; today I was the nervous one.

But if I was nervous, Marti Marlowe's delicate trembling was that of a far more edgy person.

"Sally was almost a genius in her unique style," she said. "She had this lightning-like way of pouring those colors on the canvas almost as fast as the eye could see them. When our teachers kept asking her why she always hurried so, she simply told them that life was so -- so short"; a sob escaped her, "...life was so short that she had to grasp it as it passed." She smiled and stared at a point five inches past my right ear.

Marti almost sobbed as she ended each sentence. Yes, there was another person who had possibly seen Sally that night. David Porter had wanted to know where Sally was. They had exchanged angry words after class that day, and he seemed anxious to apologize.

As I waited for Porter to come to the Secretary's office that I had taken over for my questioning, I reflected upon the stupidity of all this. College kids, college kids' spats, lovers' quarrels, orange-pink-gray canvases lying amid tangled co-ed arms and legs, mothers who know not where their daughters spend the night -- Riordan, you should have been a monk!

David Porter was agitated. The great investigator, Riordan, with his career that had begun when Sally Lintow was a year old, took the professional's advantage.

"Why so nervous, David? Is there something about the night of Sally's death you want to tell me?"

"All right! You'd find out somehow sooner or later. I was too scared to tell that other cop. Yes, I stopped by the cliff that night and spoke with Sally. But I didn't touch her!"

"When?"

"It was seven thirty or so. When I left her she was still painting. You can verify the fact that I was back before eight that night."

Once David Porter had been excused, I awaited the interview with Sam Northern. His voice was deep, loud, fast. He stared right into my eyes.

"Sally was painting, her fast and furious way, as I left her. It was a picture of the rocks near the place I had parked my car." Sam Northern looked frightened at my sudden reaction.

I almost stuttered; "You say it was not a sunset she was painting?"

"No, sir. She was facing the rocks off to the left; the sun was almost to her back."

The road was warm and dry as I sped toward Bel Air. In the back seat of my car were Sally's last two paintings, her easel, and her paint box and brushes. I had signed a requisition for them at the precinct. At the rocks I parked my car and walked to the place of the murder. I stood the easel near the cliff's edge and knelt to examine the ground. The six small indentations remained in the soft earth.

By placing the easel as I had done the day before, I could again look over it to the rocks at the parking area. By placing the appropriate picture upon the easel I could see both the picture of, and the actual rocks. The shading and light in the painting were identical with the reality of that moment. My watch read five fifty-five. What an ability to capture every delicate shade!

Then I replaced the painting of the rocks with that of the sunset, and sat on the ground and waited. Gradually the sun cast the rays that brought about the changes in the color of the ocean, cloud, and earth. Finally the painting and the horizon were of identical hues. I checked my watch. It read exactly eight minutes after seven.

Once back in the office I wrote my report for the Chief, thinking of the talented and beautiful Sally, of the frustrated lives of these college students, of Mrs. Lintow's blasé acceptance of a daughter's comings and goings, of magnificent sunsets, of easels and canvases and pigments. My report included the names of Sarah Lintow, Marti Marlowe, Thomas Hayworth, Sam Northern, David Porter and some others. But the murderer's name I had underlined several times.

"How did you conclude that -- that -- this *person* had pushed Sally over the cliff?" Mrs. Lintow was calm, but only on the surface.

"Mrs. Lintow, please keep in mind the fact that Sally's artistic style was camera-like. She painted very quickly, and so anything on her canvas was always something that had just occurred." I struggled to keep my tone business-like, and not to let my disgust with this senseless loss of life and beauty color my narration.

"To a detective, Mrs. Lintow, this is almost as good as photographic evidence. Sally did not know it at the time, but she could not have helped us more had she actually used a camera on the one who murdered her."

"But how could you know which one did it?" she asked. Her hands were once again in their excited dance.

"There were only six holes made by the easel. Three of them aligned themselves perfectly with the view of the rocky hillside that Sam Northern mentioned. By my watch, it was five fifty-five when the colors of the painting were exactly in agreement with the real color of the rocks themselves. Sam said that he had seen Sally at about six o'clock. This story agreed almost to the minute with the evidence on her canvas."

"And the other three holes made the easel face the sunset?" she asked.

"Yes." My matter-of-fact tone was meant to warn her that my next bit of professional summary would get to the heart of the matter in a way that might bring her sorrow to the surface.

"That same watch of mine told me that Nature shaded the sky with a particular blend of orange-gray-pink Sally had captured in her lightning style at ten minutes after seven. Sam Northern was with his friends from six-thirty on. Thus, he is cleared. It was almost dark, and I

needed my headlights when I left the cliff at seven-thirty. Any visitor to the cliff by that time could hardly find an unfinished picture of a sunset that had been at its climax twenty minutes sooner. And Sally did not need, or want to take, that long to capture a sunset in her whirlwind way of painting."

"So when," she began, "the Porter boy --"

"Yes. When David Porter told me that he had stopped to talk to Sally at seven-thirty, that she was still painting when he left her, and that he was back on campus by eight, I knew that either he had lied or that Sally had changed her style of painting -- and that at night, in darkness. Porter broke down and confessed everything once he saw what he was faced with."

That night I returned to the cliff. It was seven o'clock, and I could see in the gathering haze Sally Lintow painting with sudden, darting strokes the orange-pink-gray horizon. Beauty wasted! Youth cut short! Weird thoughts for a policeman! Get serious, Riordan. Get back to work, and let Sally Lintow rest in peace.

Elisa Lukas

Pamela

She was unmistakably sophisticated. Her world revolved around, her stuffy, domineering husband, the gold-rimmed china set, and, above all

herself. Intelligence was her middle name. She could unwittingly calculate the number of potatoes needed per person at a dinner party, and was a dictionary of etiquette. She loved the glitter and glitz of dinner parties and social engagements, and was present at all important events: golf outings, teas, and luncheons at Field's. This wealthy woman fulfilled all responsibilities with money, rather than charity. The brown leather checkbook she carried in her purse was the world's only reminder of what a generous and big-hearted soul she was. Beyond a doubt, she was a member of the social elite.

He, on the other hand, was more than sophisticated. He was dignified. Equally intelligent, handsome, and prominent, he worked for a living. He too was socially inclined, but much of his entertainment centered around his family. Charity and generosity were definitely his attributes. He, however, rarely spoke with money, but rather with his heart.

It is by some strange coincidence that two people quite so different might ever meet in this world. It is by a far greater coincidence that they are related. Pamela Draft and Edgar Shine like it or not, would remain siblings until the end.

As it were, the two were forced to make contact at one time or another. One of those "times" inadvertently occurred one dark December night, the night their mother, Charlene, became seriously ill. Reactions faltered between devastation and sorrow. Undoubtedly, this was the worst night of her life. Edgar felt as if he was losing his own life. Pamela, likewise, shared his grief as she figured in her mind how on earth she was to fit a funeral into her schedule at this time of year.

Charlene's condition deteriorated, as she became more and more dependant. The burden of responsibility weighed heavily on the entire family.

As usual, the brother and sister "team" responded quite differently. Edgar and his family made sure Charlene's basic

needs were provided for. Charlene was always bathed, groomed and, above all, comforted. But no one could discredit the accomplishments of Pamela. She provided a good, warm winter coat, fuzzy slippers, and even reading material. Eventually, Pamela's sense of duty swept into effect. Her visits became more abundant. Above all, she filled her weekly quota of responsibility, sorrow, and grief.

Despite their efforts, Charlene passed away. Pamela, naturally assumed the stance of the heart-broken daughter. As her brother and his family huddled near the coffin expressing their final goodbyes, her own children played host and hostess to the late arrivers.

For the time being, however, something changed in Pamela. For the first time in her life, the written check could not mend the broken heart, and, above all, she was not the center of attention. She chose to stand by the wayside, almost as an onlooker. Her tears were not only for her mother, but also for herself.

As the closing hymn faded into the background, Pamela's eyes met those of Edgar's. They exchanged one last loving and knowing glance. Slowly, Edgar's eyes returned to the closed coffin for one final prayer. Pamela's eyes, however, rested on her watch. She was late for her afternoon appointment. Solemnly, she gripped her coat and walked down the aisle.

Sigrid

Some Florida Poems

Dragonfly Kaleidoscope

Misty wings mingling
With ultra-lites sigh
As man-made jewels
Seek to share their sky.

Old Young Love

He treads the fence
 with imagined ease,
Hangs from an oak
 by gnarled knees.
She threads words in a chain
 with care
Hoping he falls
 into her snare.

To A Widower

Beware of women
with casseroles at your door
Who offer to cook
And to sweep your floor.

Once they're inside,
Having checked the grounds,
You'll have no place to hide
From their bloodhounds.

Arithmetic

Do one and one make two?
Of course they do --
except
when marriage is the sum --
Then: one and one make one.

Cameo

Today, our palm tree's haircut
Left her naked,
For you see
Discretely flowing tresses
Fell as ruffles at her knee.

The Sand Dollars

Florida coins,
Crumbled and crushed,
Now stepped upon
To be squashed and hushed,
Need not lose
Their "spendency"
In the marketplace
Of memory.

Becky Deel

An Evening Stroll

I was walking home from dinner
late this evening when I saw
a truly beautiful vision:

To my right, above the fields of corn
was the sky, so rich in soft colors,
right after the sun had set.

The pinks flowed gently into the purple,
the purple lapping at the edge of the blues,
the red and orange shades as of autumn hues,
rolling above the dead stalks of corn
and the dying cold brown of the brush.

And to my left, the moon just rising,
an icy white bead
dangling in the deep dark blues of the night sky.

The gloomy branches of the grotto's trees
reached up, trying to touch the moon,
trying to touch the whiteness found only in the gowns
of young brides,

or in the skin of the purest maiden,
and in the unicorns of our own imaginations.

This image -- this vision -- was so contrasting,
the delicate rainbow of colors on my right,
and the harsh white and black on my left.

I was awed for hours at how
gently and smoothly the colors flowed as one,
and how against each other were the black and white.
The world knows nothing of its beauty.

R. W.

Astro's Blues

In early Monday shadows grey and white,
As reason slips through hand and mind, my head
Sinks slowly into worlds of misty light;
And wishing, wond'ring he's no longer dead.
He comes to me with hopes for future day
With sister Judy spandex wrapped and tight
(My roommate thinks she'd make an awesome girlfriend)
And Astro neutered by a nasty blight.
His father George and Jane his mom have taught
Him well to mix his chemicals and play
With science as he doesn't do drugs or get caught;
He only spins his beanie night and day.
I love you Elroy Jetson. You're my life.
Please run away with me and be my wife.

Summer Place

The cottage at Lypps Beach,
Colchester, Ontario.
July 23, my brother's birthday.
Cool, blue water,
Warm brown sand,
Green grass,
Willowy trees, pleasant breeze,
Sweet country air.
Everyone has gathered;
Aunts, uncles, cousins,
Brothers, sisters, friends.
A feast has been prepared
By loving, familial hands.
Everyone wears a smile
As children laugh and splash about the water,
This is the gathering place,
A getaway from life during the week.
This is where memories are born
And memories relived.

Riley Joyce

Vine in a Rose Garden

I am a vine in a rose garden
surrounded by beauty I am
supposed to destroy.

There was one rose I refused to touch;
I admired the special beauty it possessed.
Just this certain rose I chose to protect from
anything that was near.

I am a slow death protecting a beginning life
that is refusing to love me back; it hurts
so bad, I want to destroy it. Sometimes I wish
it were dead.

But it is all I live for, and all that matters to me
is that I can look down and see it by my side --
everyday and everynight.
I never knew death needed security.

One day it went away from me -- it deceived me.
I wanted revenge in the wosrt way --
Death -- I killed.
I will never love anything again.

Artist

A man
of lines
which they would
not comprehend
He sits
alone
trapped
inside himslef outside
of what they won't let him be
Caverns deep and tunnels wide
he creates to hide
himself

A man
of lines
just like anything or anyone else
a point on a plane
with a time
a place
but so alone
trapped
running out of space into
himself

A man
of lines
knows his place
He is so out of
in himself
So out of time
crawls
curls inside
himself

Karen Stanley

Hog World

But for short
Interval, a flow of thoughts
Interrupted my chores.
The crossbred hog
Stuffed with chow,
Rooted and snorted
Snorted and rooted
Loving the warm earth
Like a child
That loves to play in dirt.
But the hog, unlike the child
Would not be called away,
Hating the bath.
Spotting a puddle
The hog waddled on.
Into the mist
She flopped, beside
Another hog, unaroused.
Side by side,
Shared the cool water,
Loin by loin,
Doomed fresh hams.
Corrupt is the air
As foulings drop to soil.
Surrounded by squalor,
Yet I am in awe at the hog
Content that she's a hog.

Kathie Rigby

A Stroll On Marco Island's Beach

9:00 p.m., Friday, March 24, 1988,
Behind the Radisson Resort
Day is beginning to vanish on the Gulf,
Splashes of pink and orange streaking the sky,
The water glistening like diamond chips,
Gracefully gliding sea gulls encircling the sandy beach.
A row of hotels frames the coastline as far as I can see.
A faint soft breeze floats across the rippling waves
Just enough to cool our lightly covered flesh.
It is an impeccable evening for lovers.
That is why we are here,
Husband and wife on a holiday,
Away from the bustle of everyday life,
Never finding time for each other without the children in sight.

Hand in hand we saunter our magical path,
Never noticing the crushed seashells chafing bare feet
Or the aroma of cuisine seeping through the air
Or the faint murmurs of others as they pass.
Uttering no sound,
We race back to the room.

Christopher Helton

Desire Rewrote Speech

mmm yes
and when our desire rewrote speech
her bared shoulder glowing
with the sunlight glancing off
she puts a pen into her mouth
and lights up that secret smile
ooh yes
so now I have power over
the body of a woman
as we go where earth and wave caress
and as she looks up into me
her dark eyes seem to say
yes
we don't need words - just one kiss
we could be like two strings beating
speaking in sympathy
while she plays with her earring
it catches the light and beacons me
toward her like some mountain flower
and she wears the sunset in her hair
ooh yes
the white strap of her bra
as it slides off the shoulder
and the warmth of her touch
her kiss is like an electric tingle
mmm yes
and with the perfume of her breasts
pulling me down into the warmth
of the sensual world
so I touch her with my finger tips
and run my fingers down her side
it could take all my life
to tell you all I'm feeling

mmm yes
it lays buried deep inside me
spreading off the page into the sensual world
I want to touch the softness of her hair
then place a flower behind her ear
and heading on down south
I kiss her gently so
mmm yes

Christopher Helton

In The Dark

Sometimes in the dark
When everything else is quiet
And I am alone:
 She hits me again.

I can feel her electric touch,
Her breath on my neck
A prickling of the hairs,
 But I know she isn't there.

Christopher Helton

Memory Girl

Longbodied emaciated
Modigliani surrealist girl
Waiting in a serious room
She can come and go like a spirit
She wants to be able to speak
Of Michelangelo
 Like the other women do

Then the cold distance of her gaze
Growing apart
Finally she fades like smoke
From one of her cigarettes
Leaving only memories
 And only a slight impression



